



PABLO

**Sleeping With
The Enemy**

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

› The Enema (Live At The White House)

[Produced by Paris]

[Skit 1]

"Ready to do this?"

"You all ready?"

"Ready now"

"No, no, ain't gon' be no ready"

"What about gon' get be on now?"

"Hold up"

"Turn the mothaf**ker off"

"Yeah, we got this"

"We got it anyway"

[President George H.W. Bush]

"This is crack cocaine, seized a few days ago by drug enforcement agents at a park just across the street from the White House. It could have easily been heroin or PCP. This is innocent-looking as candy."

[Skit 2]

"It's him, it's him, go!"

"Over there, over there! Here ya go"

"Go, go, go go, go!"

"Go left side, go left side!"

"Come on, let's go!"

"Let's go, let's go!"

"We want to thank you for this time..."

"Me and you, motherf**ker!"

› Make Way for a Panther

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

"Boom, boom, boom, now sh*t is equalized"
"Less-less-less you don't give a f**k to be free"
"Paris is my name, Paris is my name"
"First motherf**ker steps up, gets shot"
"Who's to blame? Who's to blame?"
"Little fat policeman..."
"I roll to the right and..."
(gunshots)

[Verse 1]

From the depths of hell, it was felt from all the fire and pain
As they rained on the brains of black men
Culture banned as they planned it but never thought
That they would get caught, let alone by a black man
Take and rape, shape your brain and claim
That what's ours is theirs, so you fear the white race
And hate and never think about the fact we built it all
Got you thinking all the black can do is crawl
So you lose when you chose to be duped
No truth from Bush and Duke play the flute
I shoot, cause I ain't never gave a f**k about a skunk
But some brothers want to go out like a punk
Now they fake, fade creams and contacts
Used to be black, start scheming and kinda acting
And ax the false facts that back the genocide
It ain't no wonder the strong black man's died

[Hook]

Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, yeah
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther

[Interlude]

Yeah, uh
Damn, catch a nosebleed

[Outro]

"The revolution can't survive if the revolutionary is killed. So the revolutionary has to be wise to avoid the killing fields. Not for the sake that he wants to live, but that the revolution may live and thrive, so revolutionaries have to be wise. Not only courageous, but wise."

› Sleeping With the Enemy

[Verse 1]

Come, I'm P-Dog, with the sh*t
That stick, now I'm fin' to get scandalous
Huh, and tell y'all about a brain disease
A act up it's a shame disease
N***a please, you still don't act right up
Wait a minute, let me get my facts right
When I say that we all don't act the same
Just a handful wanna salt the game
So I gotta roll deep
Check your grip and don't smile, hard as concrete
Damn shame but it's like that
Cause some got hardheads like bricks that don't crack
Raised up on TV
Fast food and fast times, do or die G
Without nothin' to lose but a war
And here life don't mean sh*t to die for

[Hook + scratching]

"Every brother ain't a brother"
C'mon, yeah
"Every brother ain't a brother"
B'le dat!
"Every brother ain't a brother"
Sellin your soul, don't sell your soul man, yo
"Every brother ain't a brother"
"You got my back and I got yours"

[Verse 2]

The reporter looked just like me or you
But that don't mean the man was cool
He understood when I said that it was death to integrate
Cause integrate means a**imilate (word!)
But the media, hate the youth
Love to spread lies and distort the truth
They say the pen is stronger than the sword
But the sword'll give any house n***a his just reward
So let the beat just roll on, huh
While the weak get told on
I'm P-Dog, tellin you the actual fact
Is just cause the skin is black don't mean sh*t!

It ain't about us comin up
To them, it's about us gunnin up
It's a shame but no strain on the brain to see
It's plain, some, are sleeping with the enemy

[Interlude]

C'mon! Yeah, yeah!

[Verse 3]

Boom, another knocked out, what's it all about
Gotta give a shout to the few that's never sellin out
P-Dog, I never slip or slide, I never float along
As long as in control I know I'm born to be a martyr
Huh, and I'ma keep on rappin with
The facts, that I keep on smashin sh*t
No props cause it doesn't really matter bout the color of the cop
And now I hate police so I won't stop
See the punk b*t*h get mad, huh
I ain't the one for a toe tag
You best believe when you see me on the street
I be a motherf**ker ready for the static with a Glock automatic
So let me tell you why I hate pigs
The black gestapo, ultimate house n***a
Simply because a brother wantin to be with a plan
That wanna kill off and cage the black man
Ain't never runnin from the U.S.A
Punk, land of the weak, freak, home of the slave
And I ain't goin to Clarence cause the appearance is clear to me
Some punks, are sleepin with the enemy

› House Niggas Bleed Too

[Intro]

What's wrong with havin it good for a change?
Now they're gonna let us have it good if we just help 'em
They're gonna leave us alone, let us make some money
You can have a little taste of that good life too
Now I know you want it - hell everybody does
You'd do it to your own kind
What's the threat? We all sell out every day
Might as well be on the winning team!
{*footsteps, three gunshots*}

[Paris]

Aww yeah

One for the crabs, cutthroats that blast and backstab
Quick to sell you short for a motherf**kin dollar
This one's for y'all

[Verse 1]

Here come a funky ditty from the one that make ya move
Doin the work in soldier field 'til ain't none left to do
Kickin the knowledge for the people just like me and you
And I'ma keep on runnin until the sh*t is through
This one is for the sissy n***as livin in the house
Y'all know the kind of ones that jump when ma**a call 'em out
They kinda tricky can't be trusted cause they run they mouth
And when some sh*t start up it's always them that ain't around
This is a warnin for the few I knew like Ed and Vern
You might get cheated when you meet 'em but I hope y'all learn
That every motherf**ker don't know how to wait his turn
And every brother ain't a brother and you might get burned
A little knowledge from a scholar so you know the part
My name is Paris and I kicks it to ya from the heart
Thought I forgot ya but I caught ya punk I thought ya knew
House n***as bleed too, sh*t ain't through

[Outro]

Whattup Paul Mack? Haha

[Intro]

30 seconds of Bush news snippets

"I understand that time is running out"

"Ooooh look, it's the president! Hey Mr. President!"

"Okay, there he go. Easy, easy, don't lose sight, wait

Two, three and...NOW!"

(gunshots, screaming)

[Verse 1]

Here I go, an angry brother finna make his move

But can I buck him in the city so I never lose?

See I'm a get him the crowd with a couple heavies

And lay the barrel to the ground, hold the gat steady

And now I'm ready for my adversary, talk is cheap

I'm looking for a way to make a plan and keep it neat

And check it out and make around and pick a rooftop

And get a spot where the view's hot, set up shop

Cause all I wanna see is motherf**king brains hanging

Another level when it's me and Devils gangbangin

So don't be telling me to get the nonviolent spirit

Cause when I'm violent is the only time the devils hear it

Rat-tat-tat goes the gat to his devil's face

I hope he think about how he done us when he lay to waste

And get the feeling of the peeling from the other side

From guns given to my people from my own kind

So get with Ollie cause I'm probably finna make you mad

I'm steady waiting for the day I get to see his a**

And give him two from the barrel of a black guerrilla

And that's real from the motherf**king Bush Killa

[Interlude]

(laughter)

"I understand that time is running out"

[Verse 2]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with "P"

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make
Brothers like me fill up with hate
I smell a skunk in the air
Cause your program still ain't fair
So who you wanna blame for the Hate That Hate Made?
When P let off and pigs get sprayed
Y'all wanna kill off the black man?
But I know your master plan
So we'll see who stops the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

It's P Dog the Bush Killa

[Verse 3]

Tolerance is getting thinner
Cause Iraq never called me n***a
So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?
You best believe I got your draft card
So bad to hate somebody else
But much worse to hate yourself
Wise up to the mentacide of the devil
Why must black folk be made to die?
Keeping 'em on and on
Keeping ya on and on
Now my brother down south said "F**k the Police"
I'm saying "No Justice, No Peace"
So why'd you stick 'em like that?
Cause everybody want to get the black
But we'll see who stop the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

[Interlude]

"He's been shot!"
"The president is dead"
Yeah, it's P Dog the Bush Killa
"Nobody move, just stay where you are"

[Verse 4]

So where's he at?
I just might wait for his motherf**king a** on a rooftop next tour
Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his a** home belly up

Should've listened to the facts that the black's been telling ya
It's no surprise that a brother's got wise
Now rat-tat-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
Now I'm in it, got to die before we see
That motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P Dog the Bush Killa

12:15, lay real low at night
Creep in a jeep hit the corner tight
Finna go clip they wings
But gotta keep it neat and clean
One-time [blam] make it so they momma cry
Y'all shoulda eased up when I told you last time
But now I gotta do it the hard way
P-A-Y-back day
Then we see 'em, the black and white on sixth street
Cut a left in the lot of Mickey D's
And pulled up to the window
Ssshhh! Big Yon creaped on him real slow
He could see when he looked at me
That a brother wasn't thinkin' 'bout sh*t but the payback
Rollin' with a panther, trained well
No need for the hollerin' - f**k jail
Only two gats in the ride
But the black still had, the element of surprise
Now I'm aimin' straight for the dome
'Cause I'm thinkin' about my homey's moms alone
Cryin' cause her baby's dead man
This pig finna kiss the lead man
As an example so all the blue coats know
You get poached when you f**k with black folk
Said it 'til my voice was hoarse
I ain't down with excessive force
But of course I wasn't heard so I'm silent now
Black folk can't be non-violent now
I'd rather just lay you down, spray you down
'Til justice come around
Cause without it there'll be no peace
The only motherf**kin' pig that I eat is police
Do it like Che said, so it work
Stampede, retreat in guerrilla spurts
And see that ya caps are peeled like potatoes
'Cause this is a war and pigs hate us
If ya don't think so ask Nina G
Cause she was raped two times by OPD
By a motherf**king pig named Riley
So when I pinch I don't flinch or smile, see

I just laid low for the night to come
Rounded up the click, to straight drop the bomb
And got with K-Cloud for the throwaways
Went far, rented a car, and took off the plates
And came back through to the place where
Everybody knew that they was gonna show they face at
Stepped up, crept up, as I held my breath
And then I squeezed, coffee, donuts, and...
[Blam blam blam, blam, blam]
[Officer down, we need backup, there's an office down here
Oh sh*t!]
...death

[Produced by Paris]

Yeah! Another funky song for your mind in the nine-two
And the nine-three, P-Dog in the motherf**kin' house!
Bout to get it started
Bout to get it started, live and direct from the underground
Still sayin' what I wanna say, and I ain't gon' never change

[Verse 1]

Oh what a shame, the way that we're dyin' up
Killin' ourselves with no help from the other one
Only thought, was how the hell to get your money on
Livin' in fear cause you're livin' in a war zone
So much funk, jump off from a wrong look
Make a wrong move one time and your life's took
Just the way it is when you're livin' in the city
The way we dyin' off is a motherf**kin' pity
Extra, extra, read all about it
Another one dead, he seen a bullet and he caught it
How many gotta fall off victim to the game
Or being a ho, to the cocaine thang
Makin' a rush up, to keep 'em comin' back again
You oughta know by now it ain't no love for African
People stay enslaved to the ways of America I'm scarin' ya
But I ain't goin' out like that, so think about it now

[Hook]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Yeah, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uhh, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"

[Verse 2]

People keep comin' up, askin' the news

They wanna know, why I do what I do
It's really kinda simple, so don't be amazed
It ain't no secret it's the way I was raised
Got much props from my pops cause he never stops
Bein' a father to his child, he cared a lot
Raised me up, and told me like this:
You better stand up for yours or be dissed
Be a man, and do for yourself
Better love your own befo' anyone else
It ain't nothin' in the big city but a small thang
To see a brother straight fall victim to the game
Somethin' that I roll with straight from the start
In a city where a fool and his money soon part
Where brothers might die over anything at all
I can't call it but I know you better watch your step

And think about it now

[Interlude]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Ay n***a what you need?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"I got five ten, what?"

"Yeah five ten fifteen twenty. I heard they got fifty."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Ay n***a what? Ay n***a where you from?"

"Get that motherf**ker! Get that ol' n***a!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

(*gun shots*, *police siren*)

"Move man! Move!"

"Freeze motherf**ker freeze! Get your god damn hands in the air!"

"Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t. Oh sh*t. Oh Sh*t."

"The jury, having found you guilty, twenty-five years."

(*jail cell door slams shut*)

[Verse 3]

And now there's one last thing, I think we need to talk about
It might save your life and you die if you do without
Pokin in the puddin mean you better wrap tight
Tragic to Magic my soap in your eye
And now you better straighten up, and straighten up fast
Relyin on the guts and the luck of the last
Cause the fool was in with the skins shoulda never been
In with the skins no cap for the lap get waxed

Now, who growin up next?
Ready for the sex better check with the latex
So many trapped and set for the funk
Who take they life for a joke so I say wait a minute
Genocide from the suicide of dippin inside
Everybody die when the legs spread ride
Gave to the sons of the slave and it's man-made
AIDS and you're off to your grave, think about it now

[Hook]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Uhh, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Yeah, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

One time for your mind, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Uh, yeah

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

P-Dog

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

For the nine-two, and the nine-three

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

[Intro]

"Damn. Forgot to do somethin', let me see...uh

Oh, yeah—it ain't over, mother..."

"KFLB news time 4:36. (part two, part two)

In the top story of the hour, the largest single law enforcement

(part two, part two) operation in California history is

Currently underway. (part two, part two)

The police in five Southern counties are engaged in a ma**ive battle...(part two, part two)"

[Verse 1]

P-Dog, back to break 'em off somethin'

And never frontin' when the rhyme keep comin'

Not lotto but I'm in it to win it and never lose

Never singin' but swingin' and bringin' nothin' but bad news

And I'm madder than a motherf**ker

Won't slip and the record won't skip, better get hip

Finna pop, but I ain't Pop

How many cops gotta drop when the gat wreck shop

P-Dog comin' up on another level

No hope for the black folk, f**k a devil

It ain't nothin' but a skanless-a** trap

To keep motherf**kers broke and smokin' crack

So I'm grippin' on the clip and finsta move

Another n***a on the trigger with nothin' to lose

You better duck when the gat buck b*t*h

'Cause the funk is on and Young Mark gimme some of that

[Hook + Scratching]

(scratching) Yeah, pa** the match!

(scratching) Pa** the match!

(scratching) Yeah

[Verse 2]

Ain't nothin' changed, still anti-pig

Still anti-drug dealer and anti-house n***a

From bein' broke in slavery

And if the skin is brown they only want you to stay down

I see the community need work

Black power mean mo' than a t-shirt

All I'm tryin to do is be sure

That the young black youth stay true to the format

And see the plan to kill the man
And understand, it ain't sh*t for life to end
Look at the Oaktown murder rate
We need mo' than a panel to set it straight
The next time somebody asks why
A motherf**ker sit still while the black keep dyin'?
I'ma do Elihu and make you see you can't
Bullsh*t around with the people's fate
And that's why we hate ourselves
Sleepin' with the enemy, you're bound to catch hell
They ain't never been down with our side
So f**k Schlitz, Olde E and St. Ide's
You better hear the word when I warn ya
Now it seem like the whole world's Arizona
One for Rodney and Latasha and Tawana, boy, ya better check ya list

For guerrillas in the mist

[Interlude]

Alright y'all, get ready for roll call
We got the gats, we got the masks, we got the gloves
The van's packed, and motherf**kers is ready to roll!
Uh-uh, wait a minute motherf**ker
You better go on with that old trick sh*t
'Cause in the 90's, n***as ain't havin it
So you best just learn to deal and get the F**K out!

[Verse 3]

White supremacy ain't never been a friend of me
You better check it when I wreck it 'cause it's gettin' deep
And get ready for the funk when the pot boil
With a dry rag, kerosene, and motor oil
Now the Aryan is scary and I'm runnin' up
Fat Tom better duck when he try his luck
'Cause I'ma see that he suck on a tech-9
Or fifteen to his dome'll be fine
Or maybe I'll just tar and feather ya
And castrate ya 'cause I hate a devil too
Rape your women up and then I'll rape your mind
Think about it it's an eye for an eye
And now it's fittin' that I'm spittin' on America
A black man with a plan and I'm scarin' ya
It ain't a threat but a promise out to each
In L.A., Forsythe, and Howard Beach

Duck down when the clip from the tech pop
You can't f**k with the sound when the needle drop
So don't speak when I plans to wreck the house
You can't win when the truth is spoken out
A real case of a brother you love to hate
Can't be roughed up or hushed or set straight
You better know me on the Mike McGee tip
And grab another clip, for guerrillas in the mist

[Verse 1]

Reminisce back when I was only a child
Back in the days of livin' carefree lifestyles
As long as we wasn't caught, bein' bad was cool
And we were never at a loss for something to get into
Children in the neighbourhood, down at the park
Sunny days when we played at the old schoolyard
Where kickin' it live was a familiar scene
Kenny M. and Big Gene know what I mean
But nowadays, it seems life just ain't the same
Everybody's involved in the game or a gang
And when we die, it seem like nobody cares
It ain't no love in they cold-hearted stares
Thinkin' of payback or makin' a hit
Now Cowboys and Indians become real-life sh*t
And life means nothin' when the heart is cold
It ain't the same as the days of old

[Interlude]

Yeah

It ain't the same as the days of old

[Verse 2]

It's a unity thing, much love for my people here
But what good is love if the people don't really care?
The triggers are cold at the O.K. Corral
But it ain't okay when my people live foul
Another sad case of the black-on-black
It's a fact, some of our people don't know how to act
Can't go to the club, can't to the store
Can't chill with your girl, can't go to the show
Can't do anything without some fool actin' up
You start to believe that black folk are savage but
Before you do, allow me to say
That in the old days we didn't act that way, see
Kings and Queens were the names of the righteous
But the sons of slaves are insane and we might just
Self-destruct and erupt without a chance to grow
This ain't the days of old

[Interlude]

Damn
This ain't the days of old
I don't know
C'mon

[Sound bite of George H.W. Bush]

There is no match for a united America, a determined America, an angry America...
Our outrage against the ploy unites us, brings us together behind this one plan of action, an
a**ault on every front
(Better wake up)

[Verse 3]

So I say, what will it take before we change up?
Some more of us dead, or more of us locked up?
Or maybe even more of us will blame the white man
Before we understand now the problem's not him
What I'm tellin' ya is actual fact
I'm ain't pro-human 'cause all humans ain't pro-Black
Remember in your mind that there still exists
A plan to bring down a black fist
See the struggle is uphill, life's at a standstill
Jack popped Jill, now he don't act real
And every livin' moment got her singin' the blues
Her sole provider can't afford the baby's shoes
That's the cycle so many of us go through
America's black holocaust continues
And I just hope we wake up soon before we fold
I miss the days of old

[Interlude]

Damn
I miss the days of old
Listen
It ain't the same as the days of old

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: L.P.]

Convicts, as I bring you this one
Check out the force of what the power of the clenched fist done
They call us n***ers, then n***as
B*t*hes then b*t*hes, we take it but doesn't fit us
If we could just collaborate, eliminate the force matters
Bring the truth to what the devils stars scatter
'Cause brains don't functions for justice
Amongst the brothers, so I carry the circ*mference
I see a shady n***a, but I know he can't he hide
Knife in his sweaty palms, tryna stab my backside
Kicks the positracks with backs from Mother Terrace
With Funkdoobiest Sun and brother Paris
State of emergency calls to get rid of this
The n***as who be flipping at just how severe it is
But if I get some cup, I'll put them in a slump with chumps
'Cause they splatter on a tree stump

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yes its the G, the-U-E-double R-I-double L-A
Back in the clip tight for L.A
Or any other black neighborhood because its fittin'
P-Dog with a new plan for us to hit 'em
Or where the n***as that be talking that gangsta sh*t
They runnin' b*t*h when its time to make the hit
So scared of whitey motherf**ker, should be ashamed
See house n***as never change, they still the same
But thats cool, because it don't take but a few
To troop on a swoop on the make a move on the boys in blue
I'm ain't the one who gotta walk on a beat ya b*t*h
But I'm the one whose trigger finger is starting to itch
So I might start waiting for the nightfall
When time is right, I'll commence to sniping y'all

And be sure piggies drop like drawers on the floor tonight
Because the motherf**king war is on

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down

[Interlude]

"We as Black people must examine America, as a resources of America. Will those in power use those resources that America has to correct the ill-mannered behavior that she's casted upon Black people for the past four-hundred and thirty seven years? You must understand that your conspiracy of silence can be no more!"

[Verse 3: Son Doobie]

Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
To arrest a Doobie, better switch to the foreign
AK mayday because we need more backup
Is what I had them screaming, now it's time I shack up
It ain't simple but I'm bucking through the boarded up windows
But that's how the wind blows
They can never catch me, hear the dispatch G
Suspect afoot coming through like the apache
Here we go, one more time for ya a**
Kid, it doesn't really matter because you know I'm Philly blazin'
Murderin', hurtin', yo it's curtains for your a**
And I'm certain you'll get played like Richard Burton
Barrels to the kneecaps, you best believe that
Boom shocker, tell me where the weeds at
So I can drop these punk a** cops
And rip shop and take the rubles because you know I got scruples

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down

› Funky Lil' Party

Fin' ta roll to the party, still in demand
Troopin thicker than a ball team, packin the van
I was movin as a unit every brother stayin strapped
But still we got enough sense to never bust 'em too fast
And now I'm runnin a roll call, startin with D
Big Doc and Yon, K-Cloud and E
Young (?) Rich-O's, and my man A.B
I can't forget Big Gene, still keepin the peace
Rollin stone still rollin on our way to the club
Every spot that we step into showin nuttin but love
Never payin to play and never waitin in line
But never lookin to start sh*t, but just a good time
And as we step into the place, you know the party is FAT
Females wall to wall, got us all back to back
Rollin thicker than b***er, y'know the crew never lose
And some fools is jealous, cause the women is choosin'
I see hard stares and the glares from the young bucks
The stank of the dank could make a elephant knees buck
I'm makin my way to the bar for some juice
When the move was interrupted by two twins
And they friends sportin body suits
They said whattup, I said whattup, and they broke it down
They said they want to do the oochie coochie and spread it 'round
I stepped back, and had to think a minute cause damn G
If you'da seen what I was seein you woulda felt weak
But I thought fast, yo black I had to pa**
I hate it when I see my sister movin too fast
I know you need some knowledge of self for your young a**
Cause hoein only get your kids AIDS or crabs
But then, the funk start jumpin on the other side
Some brothers in the corner start to havin a fist fight
Gats pop, blacks drop, the party became a riot
And all because some n***as didn't know how to act right
The fact is that it wasn't rap to blame
It's a shame that just a few can mess it up for the whole scene
But I said it once, and I'mma say it again
We better learn to love each other 'fore we all drop dead
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
I'm tryin to wake the black with mack raps y'all
It's alright y'all, so don't fight y'all

I'm tryin to keep us from killin up every night y'all

And just live..

"check the music playin" -] sample repeats to fade

› Check it Out Ch'all

[Intro]

That sh*t hittin

Ah yes yes y'all

(Naw naw man, naw man that ain't it, that ain't it. Do that other sh*t, that other sh*t)

[Verse 1]

Check it out ch'all, here we go again another one
From the man known to run a record wreck and take a stand
P-Dog, kickin over breaks that make ya wanna move
It's like that when the black cat get in tune
And now you bustin' smiles when styles are ripped
So many of 'em ya discover most speakers are split
It's kinda like a little lesson in stressin' the facts
And still be kickin' so know where you at, black
Listen up to the groove of the cut
Feel the funk when the ba** hump, tryin to get e n***y Ônuff
And feel it hittin" when the speakers jigglin' like Jello
With just enough of that good funky sh*t to keep it mellow
Never fadin' or stayin' on course
The only sellin' out I'm doin' is sellin' out tours
Somethin for your ear, comin' loud and clear
It's the voice you fear, if your sh*t ain't real
Keep it comin' one time for your mind on the mic
It's the panther, kickin over breaks you dance to
And doin" devils dirty lickin' lyrics to break beats
While buildin' so the children always know where they at, G

[Hook]

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out

[Verse 2]

Check it out ch'all, here I come again with verse two
With the knowledge of myself I got another one from me to you
With perk tracks movin' smoother than machinery
It's plain to see I'm finna be another brother catchin' heat
I take a stand cause Amerikkka ain't sh*t to me
And bring ya knowledge of the way it is supposed to be
And knock you devils out the box like a mule kick

Comin' up with the sh*t the tricky skunks can't f**k with
Rap is rhythm and poetry I thought you knew it
But who would have ever thought that we would use it the way we be usin' it?
Spittin' facts to my peers and your fear is showin'
Cause now the black is knowin' things you thought we shouldn't know and
Gettin ready for a power move
Yes yes y'all, ready for the motherf**kin' show and prove
So pack a lunch when the bunch roll, cause we're goin'
For the gold but I never sold my soul for it

[Hook]

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out

[Verse 3]

Now - whose freedom of speech if I can't reach each
There's no support when you're black and you're goin' for yours
Yeah, that's alright
As long as n***as killin n***as makin money is nothin' for whites
That's the way they wanna play and now I know they fear it
Where the hell was little Ollie all them other years?
Blacks was dyin' in the movies and in other records
I see the racist motherf**ka never said nothin'
But that's the way it is when I run it
I make the funky tracks to keep my people up on it
Well known and prone to break a bone let's get it on
I'm showin' you the facts on wax 'til your mind is grown
Huh, and still sayin' what I wanna say
I won't slip still sayin' what I wanna say
I won't slip still sayin' what I wanna say
I'm P-Dog and I'm always gonna make it plain

[Hook]

Huh, so check it out ch'all, check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Motherf**kin' right

› Rise

[Skit]

Say, Black man!

Who are you? You are Asiatic

That makes you first!

Yeah, that's right

Are you ready for this war?

Why you tryin' so hard to fit in this world?

This world is not designed for your upliftment, but for your fall, brother!

Black man, respect your Black woman!

She's Asiatic, that makes her first!

She nurtures you, she suckles you rich in strength

A nation's only as strong as it's woman!

The time is now, or lay down and die, Black people!

› Assata's Song

Yeah, yeah..
One time, one time..
Goin out, goin out..
To all the sisters.. this one's for y'all..

[Verse 1]

Thinkin' of you, and how the perception came to pa**
Of a queen bein' just a piece of a**
So I ask you how that sound
That's for the sisters I missed the last time 'round
Because I can't forget what you been through
I can't forget the hardships and what you do
So I'm payin' you the ultimate respect
Because I love you and that's what you should get
And it's a shame that it comes as a surprise
From the man in the land of do or die
That the word could ever reach and educate
It ain't nothin' but a style to set it straight
And I'm raised right so ladies still first
But smooth with the groove for the fools that doubt ya worth
Still thinkin' of a master plan
To protect and respect cause the fact is I love the black woman

[Interlude]

[Verse 2]

And anyway, I remember there was a time
When I would see you and try and go for mines
Push up in the guts for a month or two
Leave a stamp, break camp, y'all know the rules
And if somethin' went wrong it was yo' fault
The time was cut short and so were the phone calls
And someone would ask if I know you
Come up in my face and I would be like, "What, who?"
But then I seen that the game was ignorant
The time had come for me to break away from that
Don't you know there ain't no future in hurtin our own
It's bad enough that the trust and love are gone
So I strive for, one to provide for
And hold and take and elevate and guide for

So many people wanna destroy
But I can't, and I won't stop ever bein' true to black woman

[Interlude]

[Verse 3]

Now brothers, one last note to help us
Keep check of some are livin' life reckless
Runnin' with women who don't have respect for self
And too foul to wanna get help, huh
And sista' you don't need a man
Who cheats and mistreats and beats you bad
It's better to have nothin' than somethin' at all
And end up like a case bein' worse than a close call
So listen to the message in the song
It ain't nothin' but a way to make us strong
Quit being so quick to chase the juice
And diss us tryin to taste another's fruit
In the land of Ameri-K-K-Ka
I gotta hold my own and stay down wit'cha
Cause everybody wants to wreck
But I'mma love ya and show respect
I need ya black woman

[Interlude]

› Bush Killa (Hellraiser Mix)

"I understand that time is running out.."

[Paris]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with P

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make

Brothers like me fill up with hate

I smell a skunk in the air

Cause your program still ain't fair

So who you wanna blame for "The Hate That Hate Made?"

When P let off and pigs get sprayed

Y'all wanna kill off the black man

But I know your master plan

So we'll see who stop the black guerrilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

[Paris]

Yeah, tolerance is gettin thinner

Cause Iraq never called me "n***a"

So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?

You best believe I got your draft card!

So bad to hate somebody else

But much worse to hate yourself

Victim to the mentacide of the devil why

Must black folk be made to die?

Keepin 'em on and on.. keepin ya on and on

Now my brother down South said, "F**k the Police"

I'm sayin, "No Justice, No Peace"

So I just stick 'em like that

Cause everybody want to get the black, huh

But we'll see who'll stop the black guerilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

"He's been shot!" "The president is dead"

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}

"Oh my God!" "That man shot the president"

"Nobody moves, just stay where you are"

"Just hold it right there.."

[Paris]

Yeah, so where's he at? I might wait

For his motherf**kin a** on a rooftop next tour

Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps

Lay low to the flow and keep it neat

And send his a** home belly up

Should've listened to the facts that the black's been tellin ya

It's no suprise that a brother got wise

Now rat-a-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye

I'm in it, got to die before we see

The motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me

So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still

For P-Dog the Bush Killa, yeah!

{*breakdown*}

[Paris]

Now you know, that I ain't never been a slave to the bottle

All I see on the tube is the punk black role model

The pa**ive girllike she-men

That make and dictate the lives of black men

And sometimes I wanna give up hope

Cause all they wanna do is grow up and work for white folks

Or be a pimp, drug dealer or sports star

It ain't no wonder the blacks don't go far

Now the trick is stay quick to bust sh*t

Got to be equipped so the devil can't flip

And be aware of the government plan to keep

Young black folk walkin in our sleep

F**k the games I still feel the pain

I still feel the shame cause ain't nuttin changed

I CAIN'T fade peace when the war is all around

You better run cause the lost are bein found

Choose your team, square up and take sides

But don't be punked or a skunk when the gat fire

Cause I'm the first one to let the caps go
No more vetoes of negroes
Who run scared full of fear when the devil squawk
Funk is on to the dome the Glock'll talk
And be sure that a devil is peeled
Make way for the motherf**kin Bush Killa, now!

{*laughter*}

"Things change, a majority of the people will decide where and when"

"All males to the bail tomorrow mourning for the late great black man"

"We are all going to respect the law, or pay the consequences"

{*scratching: "Hey!"*}

{"Get your punk devil a** hurt motherf.." -] Ice Cube}

{*dogs barking*}

"Let me draw a bead on his black a** and he's dead!"

{*dogs barking*}

"He's gonna make it." "Let the dogs go." "No I won't do it!"

{*guitar solo for the next couple of minutes*}

{*music eventually fades*}

› Sleeping With The Enemy Liner Notes

Written, produced, arranged, and performed by Paris

* Samples by Shadow

** By Khaliq Asharri and Kif

Guitar on "Bush Killa" by Kenny M

Guest vocals on "Conspiracy of Silence" by Sun Dubious & L.P

Sax on "A**ata's Song" by Eric Bertraud

Scratches on "Coffee, Donuts, and Death" by D.J. Yon

Photography: Victor Hall

Graphics: J. Alex

Engineering and production assistance by Mike Martin at H.O.S. Studios

Since this album was censored and rushed

I didn't have the time to get my list

Of 'thank you's' together, so I'll say "Peace"

To all those who've been supportive

All praise is due to Allah

For booking information contact:

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For merchandising information send a self addressed stamped envelope and \$2.00 to:

Scarface Records, 1716 Ocean Avenue, #45, S.F., CA 94112